MISSIONARIES

IN THE

WITNESS BOX

PERSONAL TESTIMONIES FROM

THE FOREIGN FIELD.

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PREFACE.

THE object of a witness box is to discover the truth, and the duty of the person who goes there is to speak 'the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth.' Hence the title of this little book. It is intended to bring the personal testimony of some of the most experienced living Missionaries directly to its readers in the form of answers to a series of questions which might reasonably be put were the Missionaries themselves present in their own persons. The 'Witnesses' alone are, of course, responsible for the statements made, or the opinions expressed.

No one who has had anything to do with the management of a Missionary Society doubts the demand for such personal testimony. 'Send us a Missionary as deputation' is the incessant request equally from the Vicars of the smallest country parishes as from the Secretaries of the largest town associations, forgetful that the supply must always fall far short of the demand.

The following pages are intended mainly for our younger friends. It is hoped, however, that they may also do something to meet the above need, and perhaps something towards

inducing home Clergy and Laity by their aid to become their own 'deputations.' Speakers and preachers will here find arranged in compact and convenient form a mass of information from authentic sources, which will furnish not only abundant illustrations, but also material for not a few Missionary addresses. It is suggested further that the book will be found very useful in Missionary Working Parties, Bands, and Gleaners' Unions, where the systematic study of Missions is happily coming to be an increased feature. For it is certain that practical results can only come from personal interest, and intelligent interest can only be maintained by information. In the inspired report of the earliest Missionary meeting of the Christian Church, we read that those who had been sent out, on their return 'rehearsed all that God had done with them, and how He had opened the door of Faith unto the Gentiles.' It is on this Apostolic model our brethren address our readers in the following pages. They desire not to bear witness of what they have said or done, not what a Church or Society has done, but only to give to God alone the glory for what He has done with them.

That what is here set forth may so increase the interest of every reader in the Kingdom and Coming of the Lord Jesus, as to lead to increased sympathy, supplication, and self-sacrifice, is the earnest prayer of the Writers and Editors of the following pages.

H. E. FOX,
Hon. Sec. C.M.S.

NOVEMBER, 1896.

shallow water to cross. On one occasion my carter missed the track and drove into mud, where we stuck for two hours, till a boat took me off.

Whilst crossing a bridge my horse's hind legs went completely through ; it took a dozen men to extricate him.

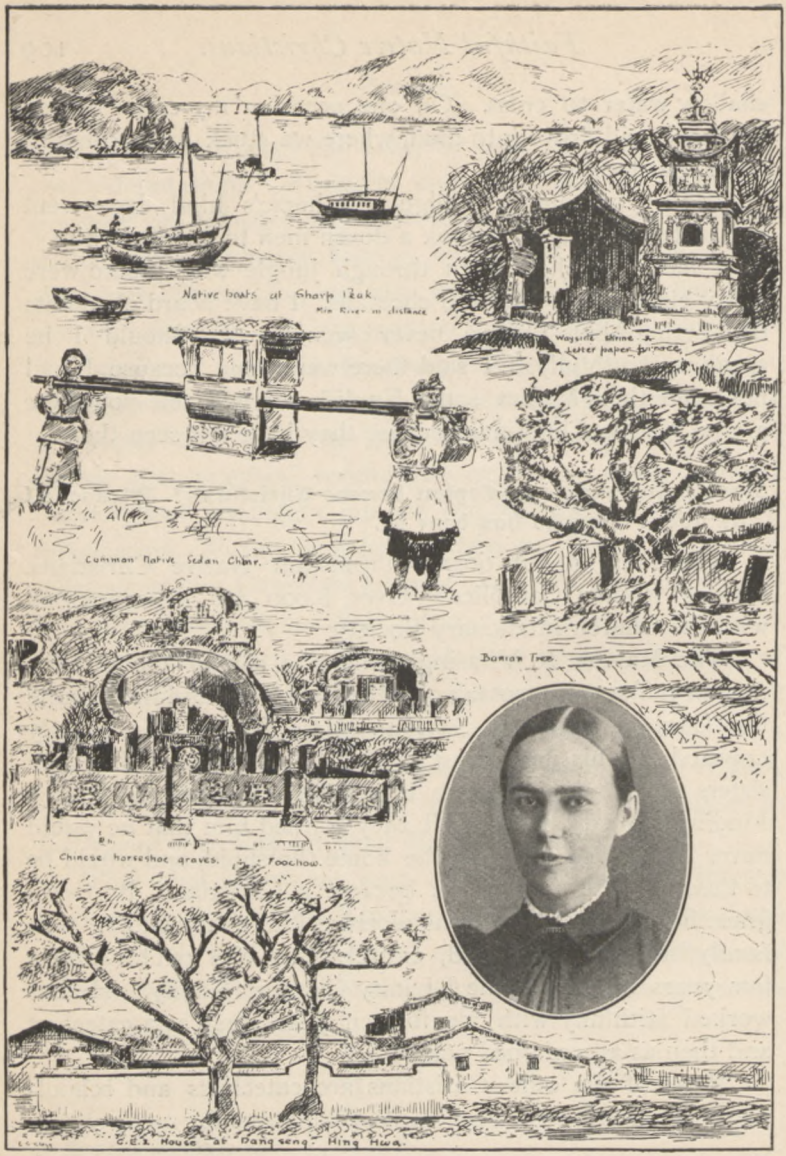
I have travelled often through jungle where there were many elephants, bears, and cheetahs. I have heard elephants trumpeting, but I have never seen them. Should I be speaking truthfully if I said there were none because I had not seen them? Yet some Englishmen will tell you there are no Native Christians because they have not seen them.

Have many people in Ceylon become Christians? Please tell us about one who has done so.

There are about 60,000 Protestant Native Christians, besides Roman Catholics. Over 8,000 are in connexion with the Church Missionary Society.

The Rev. A. R. Virasinghe was the son of a high-caste man in Jaffna. He was educated at St. John's, and there found the Lord Jesus as his Saviour. His family was bitterly opposed to his becoming a Christian. His mother and sisters entreated him not to bring disgrace upon the family. Finding entreaty of no avail, they warned him that he would never be allowed to cross the home threshold, and would be to them as one dead if he became a Christian. By God's grace he endured it, and was received into Christ's fold. His family, true to their word, entirely cast him out! After a few years he joined the Divinity Class at Kandy. He has worked faithfully with me for ten years, first as a catechist and then as an ordained pastor.

Many of the other Christians are catechists and school-masters. Some have been earnest labourers for many years.



Pictures from South China; with 'Witness'—Mrs. H. S. Phillips.

A Chinese House.

IX.

A WITNESS FROM CHINESE VILLAGES.

By Mrs. H. S. PHILLIPS.

How long have you been a missionary, and what first made you wish to become one?

A missionary is a 'sent one' of Jesus Christ; *sent*, perhaps in England, perhaps abroad. I have been a missionary for thirteen years, but a foreign missionary only since 1892.

As the love of God came into my heart the night I was converted, I felt I *must* go to the Heathen. I went back to school for five years, but the desire increased, and after four more years of Christian work at home I found I could truly say, 'He looseth my way' (2 Sam. xxii. 33, margin), and within a few months I was ready to start for China. It was not reading missionary books nor going to missionary meetings that made me want to become a missionary, but the love of God.

Please tell us something about village life in China.

In the Chinese language we have words to express a city or a village, but no word to describe a market-town. Therefore we speak of a busy market-town, with perhaps 20,000 people, as a 'village,' and all the time you are imagining a quiet dull little English village with thirty or forty houses. Now, I will adapt myself to your way of thinking, and tell you of our smaller villages, those with one or two thousand people, or perhaps with still fewer.

The *houses* differ from our English cottages about as much as black does from white. Their walls are made of earth stamped and beaten down until it is quite hard. There are no windows or pretty little red brick chimneys. The doors of the smaller houses open on to the street, while those of the larger open into a large square courtyard. Inside these courtyards a good deal of work goes on, the potatoes are dried, the rice is sifted and sorted, the beans are beaten out of their pods by men or women using long sticks, the women may be washing clothes or spinning, and, of course, it is more or less like an English farmyard.

I say 'more or less,' for the animals are by no means restricted to an out-of-door life in China. *The* difference, however, between English and Chinese cottages is seen *inside* rather than outside the house. In most village houses the floor is merely earth, the walls the same, and not whitewashed. A table is at the far end of the central room, on which are arranged the idols and ancestral tablets. In rich houses chairs and tables are arranged alternately round the room, but in most of our cottages their place is taken by little low stools placed where most convenient. Agricultural implements are piled up indiscriminately with potatoes, sugar-cane sacks of rice, or, in fact, anything else which is being

used or eaten at that time of year. There are probably one or more hand-looms for making the coarse cloth which is used for the clothes of men or women. Not only is this the 'drawing-room,' or guest hall, for Chinese people, it is also the living room, and perhaps bed-room too, for the cows, pigs, chickens, dogs, and many animals of lesser size that compose a Chinese family. Opening out of this central room are the bed-rooms, but in their case all light and ventilation

A Chinese Village Woman.

comes from the central guest room when the door of the room is open.

In many districts Chinese houses, with very few exceptions, are built with one storey only. Of course there are no taps or even pumps in China, but water must be drawn from the well. I remember at one time water was getting scarce, what we had was very muddy, and we thought it desirable to have our well cleaned out. Besides about four feet of mud, stones, sticks, &c., we found two old cooly hats! (It is wise to boil and filter your drinking water in China.) Our villages can boast of no streets or lamps. A narrow footpath, irregular and uneven, probably about a foot and a half wide, is our thoroughfare ; and as for lighting, when the sun sets most villagers go to bed and so save the expense of a tiny oil-lamp used by those who must sit up and work late.

This gives you a rough description of a Chinese village Its inhabitants are a people smaller than our average English labourer. They wear loose blue cotton clothes, and many of them are thrifty and industrious. The work of the mass of our people is agriculture ; morning, noon, and, during harvest, even at night time, they are toiling in the fields. Rain is scarce, and all irrigation has to be done with manual labour. From very early days the boys are taught to work in the fields ; the little girls cannot, on account of their bound feet. Each village has its own idol temples and many little wayside shrines.

On the whole, I think one can say the people are friendly and hospitable, often offering many delicacies which the missionary would be only too thankful to be excused eating. The people get up about 6 A.M. The men go off to the fields, the women stay at home and cook the rice for breakfast, for which the men return at about 9 o'clock. The women employ the rest of the day in cooking, making

clothes, spinning, or perhaps in helping the men in some agricultural work which they are able to do at home.

Will you tell us a little about your own work?

Part of my work was to help teach the women who came to our station class. (We generally had eight or ten women at a time for three months.) But, perhaps, if I give you a sample day's work you will understand better.

7.30 A.M. Breakfast and English prayers.

8.30 to 10. Prayers with station class women. Hearing their lessons and then giving an Old Testament Bible lesson.

10.30 to 12. Reading Chinese with my teacher.

1 to 6 P.M. Visiting villages.

7.30. Prayers with Chinese Christians.

And between whiles: 'Kunion (Miss), there are four men waiting for you to pull out their teeth.' That is done. A little later: 'Kunion, one of the Church sisters is waiting and wants medicine for ——.' She must be seen, and perhaps medicine given. 'Kunion, there is not any more grass for the cow, shall I buy some?' We must see if the cow really wants more, or whether our servant is extravagant. 'The workmen are waiting, and want to know how high the wall is to be.' Plans must be consulted. 'The rain is coming in through the roof.' We must put baths to catch it.

Then Christians arrive to tell of persecution in some village, and we must try and help them; or, again, others come to tell of people longing to know of a Saviour, and asking for some teacher to be sent to them. Perhaps you hear an unusual clatter, and find twenty or thirty women have arrived from some far village to see the foreigner and to hear of our religion. They may stay two hours or more, and then all other work has to be put aside for the time, and we

must take this opportunity, perhaps the only one we may ever have, of telling our sisters of a Saviour who loves women.

At other times I have been away for some days at a time itinerating. The day is then spent from 7 A.M. to 9 P.M. in one long informal meeting. Questions and answers, singing and teaching, take up our time, and of course much else, apart from actual religious teaching, must take place. Dentistry has sometimes taken a good share of my day's work, sixty extractions in one afternoon meaning a busy two hours' work. We have often found it a real help in our work, and one not infrequently hears such remarks as the following :—'The foreigner's instruments are very good.' 'The foreigner must be good to pull out our teeth that hurt us so much.' 'Surely her religion must be good also.' When your work is done you have an attentive, grateful congregation who will probably listen to your speaking for as long a time as you have to give them.

Have many people in the villages of South China become Christians? Please tell us about one.

Yes. Praise God! I think I may say *many* have become Christians. In our Fuh-kien Province alone the Church Missionary Society adherents number at least 13,000, while, counting Christians belonging to *all* societies working in Fuh-kien alone, I think we may say there are at least 30,000 Christians. And the majority of these Christians are living in our villages.

It was Sunday afternoon, and a little band of Christians had come with us to a neighbouring village to hold an open-air meeting. An attentive crowd gathered, and our Christians told of a Saviour's love to many who were listening eagerly. I noticed one white-haired old man most intent. He beckoned to our catechist, and, standing a little away

from the crowd, they had an earnest conversation. Our meeting was over; we went on to a further part of the village, this old man, named A-dua, following, and again listening most earnestly. Another conversation with our catechist, and our little band returned home. 'Who was that old man? Is he really in earnest?' were my questions, as I walked by our catechist. 'Yes, Kunion; I think really in earnest. He is coming on Tuesday to hear more.'

He came, and for about two hours we told him what we could. As far as one can say, from that very first meeting the truth of God dawned upon his soul, at first with a glimmering light, but it was not long before the light grew bright and strong, and all who came in contact with A-dua felt that he indeed had become a changed man. For seventy-one years a dark Heathen, but now a true follower of the Lord Jesus Christ. The following Sunday to that I have just mentioned A-dua brought seventeen other men from his village to church to hear about Jesus.

About two months after this I asked him to speak in the open-air meeting. 'Ah, Kunion,' he said, stroking his white beard, 'I am an old man, and have only just begun to learn about God. I could not speak.' The following Sunday he was with us at our meeting, and another old, white-haired man came up to listen. It was like putting a light to the fuse. In a second A-dua had stepped into the ring. 'Brother, how old are you?' 'Seventy-two.' 'My brother, you are an old man, and I am seventy-one. We cannot live much longer. You do not know of a Saviour—I must tell you.' His tongue was loosed indeed, and 'he preached unto him Jesus' for about half an hour. Since that afternoon he has never been backward in speaking for his Saviour.

Are more missionaries needed to carry the Gospel to the villages of South China?

A vast empire is stricken with famine. A million are dying every month; three hundred millions at least are starving. You supply food for a few thousand. Are more supplies needed, and agents to distribute those supplies? Missionaries need not answer *that* question. It is self-evident. You know as well as I do that *hundreds* of missionaries are needed—yes, needed *at once!*—for the millions are dying—dying in the black, awful darkness of a Heathen's grave.

But shall I give you a message that came to us from a dear Christian Chinese in the north-west of Fuh-kien? He was writing and telling of the work, and then said, 'The women are ten times more ready to hear than the men; *do* exhort some foreign ladies to come out and teach them.'

Or, again, the day before I left China, I was kneeling with a dozen Christian Chinese men. As we rose from our knees the spokesman said: 'Kunion, you are going away. There will be no one to teach our women. When you get to the foreign country, will you ask your ladies to come and teach our women?' Will you answer that appeal?

What kind of people should offer for this work?

If you have never won a soul to Christ in England, I should not advise your going to China as a missionary. People who can work definitely for God at home are the ones who must go abroad.

Not only one who can *work* for God at home, but one who knows the power of God not only to save but to *keep* at all times and under all circumstances.

One who has proved the power of prayer, and to whom the Bible is a real treasure house.

And then, if you are fitted, and in the position of 'being fitted' spiritually, there are certain natures that are more suitable than others.

First the negative side: If you are full of 'nerves,' stay at home. If you are 'faddy' and 'fussy,' stay at home until that part of your constitution has been altered by the power of God. On the positive side: It is a good thing to be able to get on well with other people; to be quick and punctual, for everything in the climate and your life abroad tends to destroy those qualities; to be energetic and a good walker; to be able to stand isolation, without getting 'down.' Of course, to have the power of organization and setting other people to work is a great help, although not absolutely essential.

And then let a missionary have a really good amount of common-sense. Be ready for an emergency, and learn as much as you possibly can about everything before going out. I do not think you need to be clever, nor do I think age matters very much. If God has called and sent you, He will fit you for the work, and help you to learn the language in His time.

Is a missionary's life a happy one?

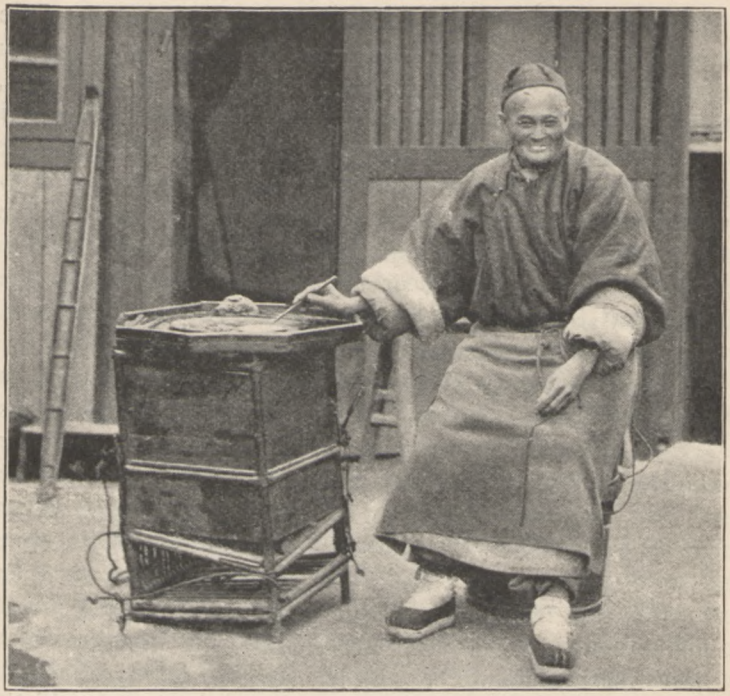
If you have been called and sent out by God, if you are living in obedience to His commands, your life *must* be a happy one, in spite of all discouragements and difficulties which you are sure to meet sooner or later. The heathen influence around is deadening—you are without the spiritual helps you enjoyed at home; but to see that wonderful miracle of the grace of God—a Heathen *saved*—is indeed a *joy*.

One Sunday afternoon our work for the time was over, and we were sitting reading. Two women came in, hot and tired, and sank down on two chairs, looking almost exhausted.

'Are we in time to learn how to worship your God?' We had had service at 11 A.M., it was then 5 P.M. I asked why they had come so late. 'Oh, Kunion, we started when the sun rose this morning (about 5 A.M.); but our feet hurt us so, and we were so tired, we could only walk a little way, and then had to rest. But we do want to know how to worship your God.' For about two hours they sat with us. No questions about our clothes, or house, or customs, although they had never before seen a foreigner. The one question was, 'How may I learn to worship your God?' Two poor Heathen women really in earnest. The joy of putting the Gospel before them, and of seeing them drink in what one said, was a joy that none but those who have worked in Heathen lands can know.

What are the chief difficulties a missionary in Chinese villages has to face?

What are difficulties to some are not difficulties to others, but as a 'witness' I must try and answer truly. You expect me to say something about the wickedness and darkness of the Chinese. Yes, truly, a difficulty. But, strange as it may seem (especially from a missionary), I must confess that horribly dirty people and houses, mosquitos, and almost overwhelming smells, are to me *real* difficulties, to face which one needs the grace of God in no small degree. Again, to live one's life in public, to be watched at every turn from 7 A.M. until 9 P.M., to be watched through cracks and holes even when one is supposed to be in private. This, too, is a difficulty—to be hard at work with letters that *must* get off by the mail, and a large crowd of Heathen visitors arrive, who really want to see your house and talk about the foreigner rather than about salvation. In the very hot weather, when both by night and day you are almost stifled, you feel that *heat* is a difficulty. So is the Chinese propensity



A Chinese Man Selling Fried Rice.

to lying and stealing ; especially when you fear that your own servant is guilty, in spite of his repeated protestations to the contrary. How one should deal with him is really difficult to decide.

The intense slowness and unpunctuality of the Chinese is surely a difficulty to the missionary who has a long journey to make or some appointment to be kept. Breakfast over, lanterns lit, all things ready to start at 4 A.M., and your coolies do not arrive until 8 o'clock, is by no means an uncommon difficulty to be faced. In work, too, the numerous brogues as well as dialects are by no means to be ignored.

I have not space to tell of the difficulties that come to one through wearing European dress ; of the scores of questions as to materials, their price, the number of your garments, their unsuitability in Chinese eyes ; as to their makers and what they were paid. Then, again, as to one's hair and lack of flowers and ornaments. All I can say is, the best way to evade such a difficulty is by conforming as far as possible to the dress of the people amongst whom you are working, and then you repeatedly hear the pleasing remark, 'Oh, she dresses just like us. What is her doctrine?' and one has a grand opportunity of preaching Christ to one's hearers.

Another difficulty that everyone in China must face is that of travelling. If you remember that in Fuh-kien we have no wheeled conveyances of any sort, for the very good reason that we have no roads on which they could be used, you are able to appreciate this difficulty. Our country roads are little more than footpaths between the fields from one to two feet wide. Our main roads are three to four feet wide, and made of irregular stones placed very much to suit the fancy of particular individuals. A day's journey is about twenty-four or twenty-six English miles, although by starting early and getting fresh coolies one may do thirty miles. If it is too hot, or you are too tired to walk, you sit in a bamboo covered chair and are carried by two or three men. The motion is not pleasant, as the bamboo poles on which the chair is suspended are very springy, the consequence being that your chair is always performing a sort of jog swing.

Have you met with any exciting adventures? If so, please tell us about the most exciting one of all.

I am afraid my answer to this must be very flat. No, I have not anything remarkable to record, and from my small stock of adventures I hardly know what comes nearest to 'exciting.'

Perhaps the news that came to us one day from two neighbouring villages: 'The soldiers are coming.' These villages had been mixed up in clan fights. Some one had been killed. The mandarin was sending soldiers to plunder and steal and bring back the culprits. Why were our Christians so terribly frightened—they had not joined in the fight? Because they knew that being Christians they would be the first to be accused, and they would be robbed of all they possessed and ruined. Would we go and protect them? Certainly, as far as we were able. And so we separated, my companion going in one direction and I in another, rather wondering what would happen next. We had not been in the country for very long, and could not talk at all fluently. I reached my village and was escorted to the Christian's house. Just in time! Ten minutes later and the soldiers would have arrived. As it was, when they arrived they found a foreign lady sitting quietly in the guest room. The sight was enough, and off the soldiers cleared, leaving me the place to myself. When I thought my dignity and position were established, and the soldiers really were afraid to come in, I went to the door and began an open-air meeting. I knew I had the day before me, and so, although I only spoke badly, there was plenty of time for the sharpest of my hearers to understand my meaning, and then explain it to those over whose brains my very faulty Chinese had no power. I was provided with refreshments at intervals, and had a delightful day. About 5 P.M. it was agreed the soldiers would not attack the house, and amidst thanks and farewells I took my departure.

Is there anything else you would like to say before you leave the witness box?

Clear views on Chinese geography are essential to a right understanding of the difficulties of the work established, and

the needs of the still untouched districts. And if we are acquainted with *one* province we know the plan of the working of any Chinese province. Fuh-kien is one of the smaller of the eighteen provinces. It is the best manned province in China, and yet in Fuh-kien we need scores of new missionaries. What are the needs of the rest of China?

Every province is divided into prefectures. Each prefecture is a group of counties. In each prefecture there is one chief city which is the seat of government for that prefecture, and which takes the name of the prefecture. For example, the province of Fuh-kien has eleven prefectures. The prefecture of Foo-chow has eleven counties, and also a large city taking the same name as its prefecture, *i.e.* Foo-chow, and called the 'Fu' city. A county, which is called a 'hsien' by the Chinese, is the average size of an English county. Each county or hsien gives its name to its county or district town. There are sixty-two such counties in Fuh-kien. Not only have we prefectures and counties in one province but we see a great deal of difference in the characteristics of the Natives coming from different parts of that province. So much so, that you can often tell whence a man comes by seeing how much or little energy he puts into his work.

But to the missionary these geographical divisions present a real difficulty, for different dialects or, to make my meaning clearer, different languages are spoken in these different prefectures. The difficulty does not always stop there. In the Kien Ning prefecture, in the north-west of our province, *four* different dialects are spoken, and in Fuh-kien alone we have over twenty dialects. It will be seen that these various people can only be reached by groups of missionaries speaking their several dialects.

I should like to emphasize the fact that to reach the *women* of China we must have women missionaries. It is

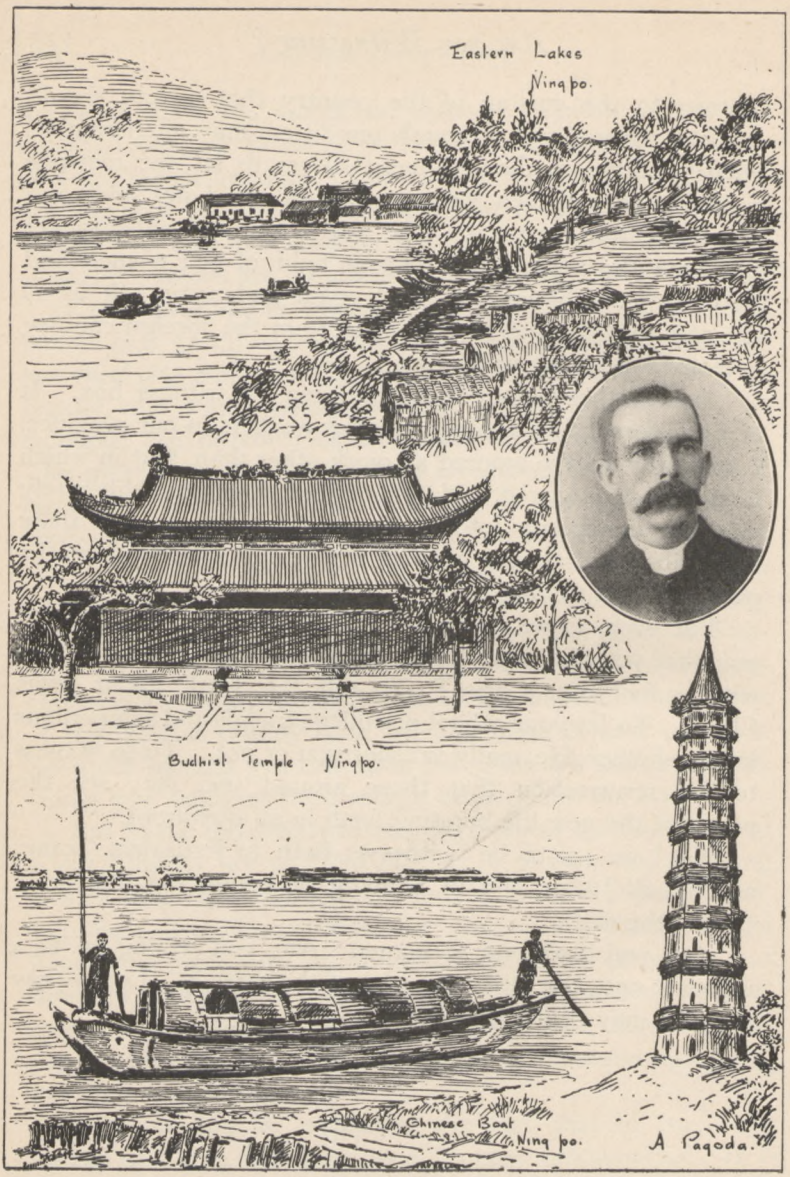
contrary to the custom of the country that a man should speak to women, and although our sisters may often be able, when speaking to their Chinese sisters, to let the message reach the ears of men, yet a gentleman could not address a crowd of Chinese women. The Native Christians themselves recognize the necessity of getting hold of the women and mothers of the home first; and again and again ask us so urgently to write and 'invite ladies from the foreign country to come and teach our women.'

Just another remark before I leave the witness box. It is in the form of an apology to *other* workers in our province. Apparently I have ignored all work other than that in which I myself was engaged. May I say that when you deliberately put your missionary into a 'witness box' you do not allow much liberty of speech beyond the actual answering of the questions put to one.

But even as we speak of 'witnessing,' does it occur to you that you, too, have been placed in this world to be a witness for Jesus Christ? To tell the truth about Jesus Christ. To let your school or college friends and companions know whether He really satisfies you or not. To so witness to His resurrection that those around you may see the power of the new life bursting forth in all directions.

Yes! we are to be 'witnesses both in Jerusalem (home) and in *all* Judea, and in Samaria, and unto the uttermost part of the earth.'

Are you a witness at home? Are you willing to be a witness 'unto the uttermost part of the earth'? Let us pray that He may count us worthy.



Pictures from Mid-China; with 'Witness'—Rev. C. J. F. Symons.

X.

A WITNESS FROM THE CELESTIAL EMPIRE.

By the Rev. C. J. F. SYMONS.

How long have you been a foreign missionary, and what first made you wish to become one?

The summer term at Cambridge in 1886 is associated in the minds of many who were in residence then as one overcrowded with meetings, and as a consequence of poorly attended meetings. There was one series of meetings that merited a better fate, for the late stroke of the Cambridge boat had been advertised to address them. His popularity, we Johnians thought, was bound to draw. An invitation was accordingly pinned on the screens, and the first, second, and third year men were well whipped up to attend. The day came, and the host in whose rooms the meeting was to be held arranged them with elaborate care to seat the largest possible number of undergraduates. The hour for the meeting drew near, but there was no sign of an audience, and a couple of third year men were condoling with the host at the small attendance. In the midst of the discussion the

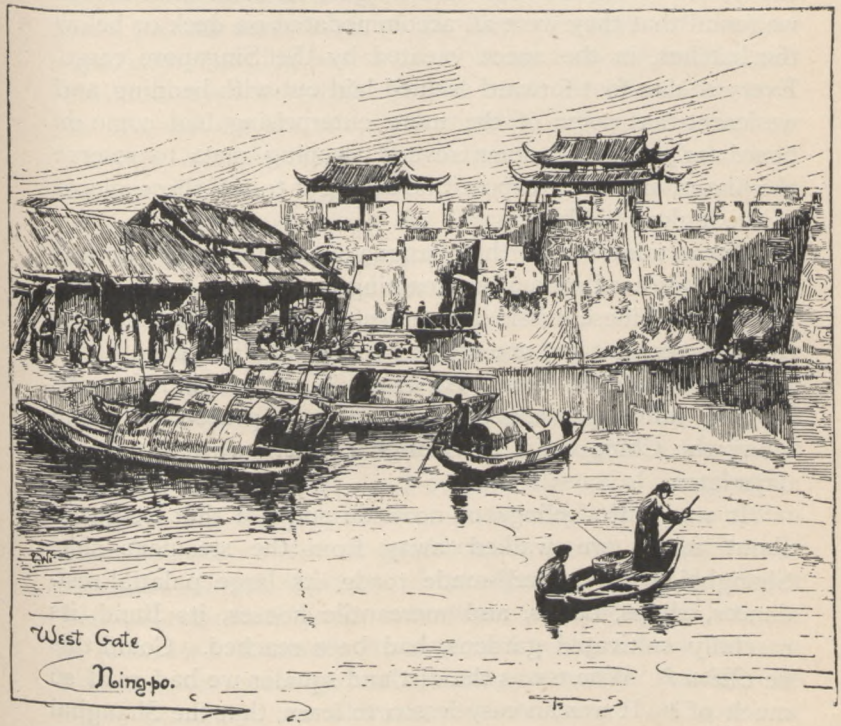
speaker arrived. Apology was offered, but his smiling face showed no trace of disappointment at the empty room, as he proceeded to pin up a large map of the Chinese Empire, with little England on the same scale, contrasted in the corner. At last the one or two stragglers, for whom the chairman had allowed five minutes grace, had taken their seats and the meeting was in full swing. As the earnest eloquence of the speaker fell on the ten or eleven men who formed his entire audience, shame filled our faces that we had not striven harder in our invitations. But the speaker poured out his whole soul as though the meeting was an overcrowded one; and by and by his graphic descriptions and stirring appeals ceased, and the meeting was over—over in one sense only. The host, for one, never forgot the words then burnt into his heart, and ere long a letter, as one of the results of that painfully small meeting, was on its way to Salisbury Square containing his offer of service, and the next day, as Mr. Stanley Smith passed through the St. John's New Court, the writer told him he had been won over for work abroad. Was it mere coincidence that the Church Missionary Society, without knowing the reasons of either offer of service, sent both of us to *China*?

That was nine years ago, and although one of the two men who responded to the call has been obliged since to give up work in China, the memory of that little meeting is still quite fresh, and its influence seen surely in the wonderful development of missionary work amongst undergraduates to-day in the Student Volunteer Union, of which the Cambridge series of meetings was a fitting commencement.

Please tell us something about your journey to China, and about the people there.

In November of the following year a passage was booked for the writer in the old ss. 'Glencoe,' a tea clipper, which on

more than one occasion had raced home first with the new season's tea. Her racing days, we learnt when on board, were over, and the captain had strict injunctions to steam only nine knots an hour. The host of the meeting referred to above was already in China, but though I missed his genial face and proverbial kindness, I was not travelling alone. The shipping agents had booked two berths for me, as I was taking out a bride to China, and this was our honeymoon. There were also besides ourselves three other missionaries proceeding to China.



The days passed by with a good deal of sameness. A little study of the Chinese language, a couple of sermons in my turn, some talk and singing amongst the sailors, comprised nearly all I was fit for, and one of the sermons, as I held on to the spare steering gear on the poop to steady myself, was a great ordeal.

At Singapore we had our first introduction to the Chinese. They came on board in great numbers, bringing their boxes and bedding. In answer to our inquiries, the captain said they were *passengers*. Where could he put them all? We should see. And we did. Ere we cast off from the wharves we found that they were all accommodated on deck or below the hatches, in the space vacated by the Singapore cargo. Every square foot forward seemed laid out with bedding, and we learnt that some of the more enterprising had come on board early and laid down several sleeping mats to reserve the places, and then disposed of the right to sell those places to the highest bidders.

Our admiration for their language as a puzzling one was greatly increased soon after steaming out of the Straits, when our senior Chinese missionary returned from distributing tracts to announce that not one of the varieties of dialects on board was intelligible to him. At Hong Kong we bid farewell to our other passengers, and we two proceeded alone along the China coast to Shanghai, where we arrived four days later.

It was with feelings of no little surprise that we gazed about us as we walked away from the steamer's side. Shanghai, with its well-made roads, its large palatial residences, shops, banks, and mercantile houses, its Bund, its carefully cultivated gardens, had been reached. Could this be *China?* Where was the dirt and squalor we had read so much of? It was an easy lesson to learn, that the Shanghai

before us was the model European settlement of the Far East, with its own municipal legislators, rifle volunteers, fire-brigades, police, &c., &c. The next day we entered the *Chinese* city, apparently leaving all that was pleasant outside. Down the dirty narrow streets were streams of the same Chinamen hurrying along, with that lazy kind of haste appreciable only in the East, carrying, in strange juxta-position, pails of drinking-water and buckets of street filth. There were many pedestrians, and a few sedan chairs. Except for the numbers of people it would have seemed like some neglected back lane along which we wended our way, and yet it was the main street of the city. In spite of the gay signboards hanging across from house to house and length-wise from the eaves, there seemed much to offend the nose, the eye, and the ear, and little to please. But it was Sunday —a day inexplicable to the ordinary Chinaman, who toils on day after day, without any day of rest—and presently we found ourselves inside the Church Missionary Society's native church. The congregation, though rather small, was reverent and earnest, and the contrast to the outside world very peaceful and refreshing.

After a few days spent at Shanghai, purchasing a little furniture, we took steamer one afternoon, and the next morning arrived at our *home*—Ningpo, the city of the peaceful wave. A quarter of an hour's walk brought us inside the great city. It did not need a great stretch of imagination to fancy that the streets were more airy and cleaner than Shanghai, but we saw no good houses, though the high walls doubtless concealed some; those opening on to the street were poor tumbled-down ones, with mud floors and little or no furniture. Presently our road took a slight bend, and we entered more open ground, picking our way through the native cemetery, the ultimate end or use of all spare or

common ground in China, giving a stranger the impression that China is one vast burying-ground. I suppose we passed by considerably more than a hundred coffins, all *above* ground, in various stages of dilapidation—some of the worst being covered with coarse bamboo matting, and the better loosely bricked over ; some again were quite new. We had now reached the gate of the College, and an exclamation of surprise and thankfulness escaped us as the substantial building, built in the form of a quadrangle, ornamented with a verandah of artistic Chinese workmanship, and surrounded by grounds laid out as lawn-tennis court and rose garden, came into view. Our surprise was all the greater when we learned that the beautiful scene before us was a few years ago part of the obnoxious graveyard outside. The college bell soon rang, and we attended our first Chinese service in Ningpo. The responses seemed very eagerly given and the singing was bright. As we tried to follow with our English prayer-books, many thoughts would crowd into our heads and find expression in our prayers. We forgot the coffins, the dirt, the squalor, and saw the Chinese as the most ancient kingdom of those now in existence—thought of their early civilization, their early invention of block-printing, the mariner's compass, gunpowder, &c., &c., and we saw them again many years further on coming, as Isaiah beheld them, won for Christ, and these few before us an earnest of that prediction's fulfilment. But the last 'Amen' was said, and we awoke from our reverie to realize that ere this could be, a battle had to be fought; that perhaps some of those before us, or their parents, had come out of great tribulation ; and that, though Satan in China was as a strong man armed keeping his palace, yet there was a Stronger than he to Whom we alone could look for victory.

Chinese Villagers.

What are the chief religions of China?

Satan has bound the Chinese in the threefold fetters of Confucianism, Buddhism, and Taoism, the three chief religions in China.

Confucianism, deriving its name from Kong Fu-ts, or Kong the Sage, who lived 551–478 B.C., is hardly a religion in the ordinary acceptation of the word. Confucius performed no religious ceremonies, but, laying great stress on the ruling of conduct, he compiled from all sources at his disposal a code of ethics, whose basis is self-reclamation, without any final appeal or ultimate personal authority. The Chinese classics strangely intermingle high sublime teaching with rules of deportment, useless to the great

majority of the people. Yet so convinced are the Chinese that these ancient writings contain all things that it is imperative to know, that they make them to-day almost the entire curriculum at their oft-recurring examinations.

The great popular doctrine of Confucius is filial piety. 'When your parents are alive serve them according to propriety; when dead, bury them according to propriety and sacrifice to them according to propriety.' This deification of ancestors was in vogue, however, before Confucius' time, but he has done much to popularize it, and it forms one of the greatest stumbling-blocks to Christianity. Perhaps the fact that Confucius did not attempt to solve the riddle of a future life accounts for the fact that Buddhism—introduced from Ceylon into China about A.D. 60, and offering as a solution the multitudinous transmigrations of the soul and final absorption into Nirwana—has got such a hold of the people that the Confucianist will call in Buddhist priests to assist in all household matters of importance, and that more than one Emperor has entered the priesthood.

Taoism, the system founded by Lao-tsu (604–524 B.C.), though at first a system of alchemy, sending its votaries into the hills to search for the elixir of immortality, has become a great idolatrous religion, the chief deities being the God of Heaven and the Lord of Hell. Its character also is supplementary, and its popularity is increased by having formed a system out of the superstitious beliefs of the people, inventing charms to ward off evil, and rules whereby to choose lucky days for weddings and favourable sites for burials.

A Chinaman will probably conform to all three religions at the same time, disclaiming to belong to any sect.

Will you tell us something about your own work?

My work has been almost entirely amongst the Heathen as an itinerating missionary, and chiefly has consisted in open-air preaching. Usually starting with a Christian family or small church or school, as a centre to direct inquirers to, as, for example, the Eastern Lakes Chapel, near Ningpo, I have worked in the numerous towns, villages, or hamlets around, assisted by Chinese evangelists, or where possible by voluntary Christian helpers. In the eastern and northern districts around Ningpo, stretching many miles, is a perfect network of canals which greatly facilitate the work. A native boat, some 30 feet long by 6 broad, protected with waterproof bamboo and palm covers, can be hired for about four or five shillings a week, including the two boatmen's wages. This boat becomes our means of conveyance and our house. Having arranged our programme, we embark towards evening with a couple of native helpers. After tea or supper, and family prayers, we retire to rest on the ample provision of spare boards which each boat contains. The next morning the boatmen, who reverse the order of *their* day and night, have already propelled us to our specified town. Stepping ashore, we select the busiest thoroughfare, the market, or entrance to either ancestral hall or temple does equally well. A crowd soon collects, and after a few preliminary and, to a Chinaman, all-important questions of etiquette, we explain our message. Cups of tea are now brought, and when each speaker in turn has sat down, as we sip the tea, questions are readily answered, a few copies of the Gospels are sold or given as presents, and we say good-bye and make off to another place, bowed out with polite requests to come again. Sometimes the whole day will be spent in this way; at other times the morning or afternoon will be spent together in the boat for

the study of God's Word and prayer, and the remainder of the day preaching. Again we spend the night on board, and while we sleep the boatmen convey us to another place. When the boat is not available the distance must be covered on foot, for there are no wheeled vehicles about Ningpo, and no roads for them if there were any.

What other kinds of missionary work are done in China?

Itinerating work, though essential in every Mission station, is supplemented by the following kinds of missionary work. (1) City preaching, which is much the same as the above, except that it is indoors, and the audience is better educated than the country folk. (2) The work of shepherding those already on the church registers. Hence some missionaries are pastors to Native Christian flocks. (3) The work of educating the children of Christians. This is exceedingly important, as from these children will be selected native agents—schoolmasters, evangelists, and pastors. (4) Some missionaries have the preparation of agents as their chief work. (5) As important a branch of work as any is that of the medical missions, if indeed it is not *the* most important in China. Its work is manifold. In the cities, dispensary and in-patient work, and visiting out-patients with itinerations in the country. One of the most important features is the preparation of medical evangelists. (6) There is also a great variety of work for ladies amongst Heathen and Christian Chinese women and girls, work of all kinds, work to suit everybody.

For what kind of work are more missionaries needed in China?

There is no existing branch of work in China but needs strengthening—every station being undermanned. The Church Missionary Society in China is represented in only five out of the eighteen provinces!

What special difficulties has a missionary to face in China?

The language is one of the first difficulties. The spoken Chinese has a great number of dialects. In Bishop Moule's diocese we have four versions of the Prayer-book in a small part of the one province of Che-Kiang. The written Chinese is still more difficult. An European can never do without a Chinese teacher if engaged in translation work, and his best composition unaided would be, speaking generally, inferior to that of an educated Chinese boy of eighteen.

A Chinaman from Canton could not speak intelligibly to a man from Ningpo, nor could the Ningpo man understand a man from Pekin; but all three could read the same Chinese book, or write to each other intelligibly.

Another difficulty is the superstitious nature of the people, which prevents their even digging their own gold, silver, and coal mines, or making railways, lest they should offend the countless spirits with which their imagination peoples the earth. Another one is the suspicion with which they regard all Europeans, causing them to believe that even missionaries have ulterior motives for their good work, and are preparing the way for an invasion. A very real difficulty is ancestor worship; for though the giving up of idolatry does not always entail persecution, the neglect of ancestor worship generally does. The non-observance of a day of rest is another difficulty.

Have you met with any adventures? If so, please tell us about one of them.

'There is nothing for it but that you cut a way through the ice that separates us from the large canal which is probably not yet frozen over.' The spokesman was the late doctor of our hospital, and he addressed me. We were certainly in a fix—advertised to open a dispensary—we were ice-bound. Was this sufficient excuse to give up the work?

Apparently not, and the ice was cut through, though it took a hard day's work to do it with boards and poles, foot by foot. At last we neared our destination, and our expectations rose. After such an effort we shall have a grand dispensary. But we were doomed to disappointment. The patients, to begin with, were few, the cold, of course, had kept them away, and the crowd of loafers were much rougher than usual. The snow lying nearly two feet deep, too, was a special temptation to the boys, and so, in the midst of the diagnosis of a case, a big snowball, well aimed, crashed through the paper window. A towel soon replaced the window to keep out the biting breeze; but, one snowball having found its way in, others followed, and when appeals to the adults had proved unavailing the doctor waited for the next snowball and then collared the offending youth and demanded his parents' name. Everybody seemed to disown the lad, so the doctor told him to remain in the temporary dispensary until his parents came to answer for his future good behaviour. The lad, not liking the situation, refused to stay, but a 'half hitch' with the silk tassel at the end of his pigtail made him a permanent prisoner. Presently an assault was made at the door and in came a rescuing party of youths, whom the doctor as promptly expelled, entering now fully into the game. Before the next patient had been given his medicine the irate father appeared and in an abusive way demanded his son, who was promptly handed over to him rather cowed, and once more the patients were attended to. Ere long there was a little bustling outside, and an old lady, the boy's grandmother, presented herself, and, explaining that her grandson had been frightened out of his wits, she proceeded to light a small fire on the floor, to coax the wits back again. Matters became now rather serious, the father was evidently doing all he could to create a disturbance. Fortunately,

the dispensary was just over, and we quietly packed up our traps and proceeded to the boat. On the way one of our party overheard a threat to tow our boat outside the village and then beat us or throw us into the river; and there, sure enough, was the crowd on the low bridge under which our boat *must* pass, and there, too, if we could believe our informant, were the ropes. We quietly went back to the dispensary-room, as the boatmen had become quite frightened, and sent for the one solitary policeman, who eventually turned up, but disclaimed any authority to do anything. We explained what had happened, and the people took our side; but how could we dodge the bridge? At last, as a happy solution, the poor policeman unwillingly, or at least reluctantly, came on board, at the urgent request of us all. They would not tow him, and he would pass us through the bridge. Cautiously the boatmen proceeded towards the bridge, ready to make a dash past it, but we were able to proceed unmolested, and got quietly away.

A few days after an apology reached us, purporting to be written for the father, who was an illiterate man. Looking back on it all, I fail now to see why so much trouble could have arisen from so little a matter.

Have many people in China become Christians? Please tell us about one who has done so.

There are about 100,000 Protestant Christians in China, and over a million Roman Catholics.

Song Kao became a Christian when quite a boy. He was an orphan at the time, living with an elder brother, who was a Heathen. From the first day Song Kao came home asking his brother the meaning of a short prayer he had overheard at an open-air preaching—'O God, give me Thy Holy Spirit.' His brother tried to dissuade him from be-

A Waysiae Scene in China.

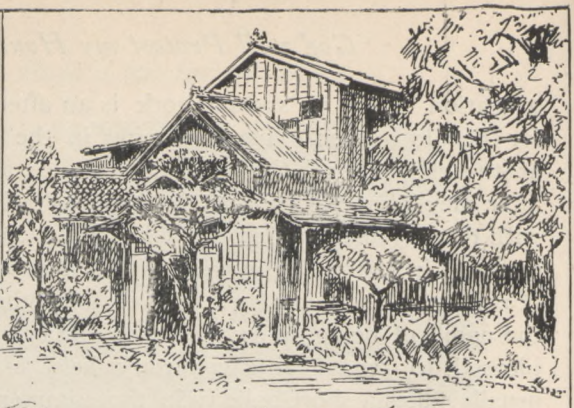
coming a Christian. Seeing his determination, he tried the effect of frightening, by tying him up in a locked room ; but all to no purpose. Matters reached a climax one day when Song Kao took home a New Testament. The perusal of this was absolutely forbidden, and the poor boy, not daring to raise his brother's ire, bade his time. He had previously purchased candle and matches, and when he heard by the loud breathing that his brother was asleep he lighted the candle and by its flickering light spelled out a verse or two from his Roman character New Testament. He taught himself many verses this way, and in due course, after instruction, he was baptized. His brother some time afterwards died, but he had the joy of believing him to be repentant at the last.

Song Kao, though of a naturally retiring disposition, and very humble—simple-minded almost to childishness in some things—yet fills a most important position at that Lakes Chapel. He is churchwarden, and, on an average, preaches on three out of four Sundays in the month to the afternoon con-

gregation. But his special work is an afternoon Bible-class for the old women. These, coming in the morning, remain at the chapel until the afternoon service, and as they have, after they have partaken of the light refreshment they bring with them, some time on their hands which might otherwise be spent in gossip, he occupies the time with a Bible-reading. It is not, however, among Christians only that he has gained the name of being so devoted to his Master. He is always pleased to render any voluntary help in preaching, and usually takes a short holiday in the summer from his work, that he may go in and out amongst his numerous acquaintances to exhort them to receive Christ.

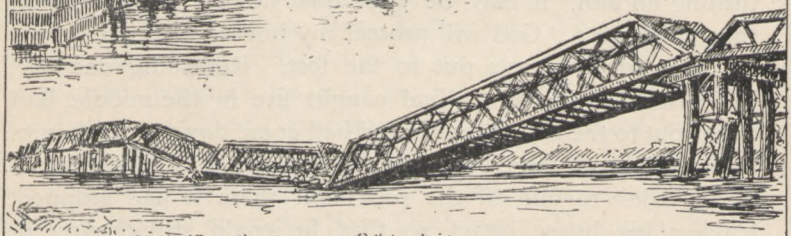
A few years ago his village was the scene of extraordinary outbreaks of fire, originating no one knew how. The Heathen attributed it to demoniacal agency, and, finding all else fail, instituted a grand procession of the idols to avert the calamity. This much distressed Song Kao, and he exhorted them to leave their idols and serve the true God. 'Oh,' they said, turning on him, 'it may be your turn next.' 'No,' he said, thus challenged, 'God will protect my house.'

Soon after he was put to the test. Returning one day, he learnt that his street had caught fire in the middle, had burnt out to the end one way, and had come down to his house, blackened and singed the rafters, and caused thereby some of the tiles to fall off the roof; but there it had stopped, leaving his house intact, so that he could still occupy it. 'But,' he said sorrowfully, as he told me, 'they don't believe in God even now.' Song Kao is to be found generally reading his New Testament or engaged in prayer—not *saying* his prayer, but in earnest, close communion with God—and he, like the Master, prefers the hill-side, overlooking his and other villages, as the place of intercession.



Mission House, Tokushima.

A Japanese River-scene.



Effect of an earthquake on a Railway-bridge.

E.C. Clegg.

Japanese ladies making their "Aisatsu" or saying "How do you do."

Rice-planting.

Pictures from Japan; with 'Witness'—Rev. G. Chapman.

XI.

A WITNESS FROM JAPAN.

BY THE REV. G. CHAPMAN.

How long have you been a missionary, and what first made you become one?

The date of my first arrival in Japan was December 13th, 1884, and my connexion with the Japan Mission remains unbroken. The desire to become a missionary first took definite shape through the influence of a friend who himself afterwards became a missionary. This was about two years after my conversion. My wish was forwarded by many friends, and especially by Mr. J. S. Cooper, who at that time was a master in the Bishop Auckland Grammar School.

Please tell us something about Japan and the people there.

That is rather a big subject for a short answer. Most people know Japan as a land of earthquakes, tidal waves, and disastrous floods. Active volcanoes, such as Fuji-san, Aso-san, and Bandai-san—themselves monuments of former erup-

tions—are continual reminders of forces that may at any moment bring ruin to thousands of homesteads. The recent tidal wave, in which 27,000 souls were overwhelmed, and the great earthquake of 1892, in which there were nearly 10,000 sufferers, show the gigantic proportions these catastrophes sometimes assume. Japan is also often spoken of as a land of oddities and frivolous trivialities, 'a land of gentle manners and fantastic arts,' and the people as having 'the nature rather of birds and butterflies than of ordinary human beings.' Attention has been fixed upon the little politenesses and curious ways rather than on the sterner qualities and the deep vein of earnest purpose that mark the nation as a whole.

A moment's reflection, however, on the history of modern Japan ought to convince anyone that behind their soft ways and light-heartedness, the Japanese possess a great amount of talent and determination. The political, social, and educational upheavals of recent years mark them off as a nation endowed with much energy and enterprise, and are rightly regarded as tokens of still greater things to come. The whole revolution has been brought about with little bloodshed. Loyalty and patriotism have played, and doubtless will continue to play, an important part in keeping the nation together. The written constitution, granting religious liberty and a large amount of political freedom, promising a revised code of laws, and establishing a Lower and an Upper House, is a standing monument of real progress.

The press has become a great power in Japan. There are over 600 newspapers and magazines, &c. Every place of note has its own daily paper. Keen interest is taken in European politics, and events of importance are chronicled with the utmost promptitude. A native literature is rapidly springing up saturated with Western thought. Great atten-

tion is given to the education of the young. The schools are so graded as to take children at the age of five and carry them on to the University, whose course is not finished much before the student is twenty-eight.

Perhaps the recent war did more to bring Japan to the front than anything else. The masterly way in which it was conducted, and the utter collapse of the Chinese defensive measures, came as a surprise. The war gave Christian soldiers and bluejackets an opportunity of showing their loyalty, and on all sides their good behaviour was highly commended. Christian chaplains were welcomed with great readiness, and innumerable copies of the Scriptures were distributed.

Before concluding this point I must just say a word about the commerce of Japan, because it is a striking proof of the energy and enterprise of the people. She is making a bold bid for a share in the world's commerce. She possesses a large and growing commercial fleet. A line of steamers is run between Yokohama and Shanghai, one to Formosa, and one to London, and one to Australia is in contemplation. Living is very cheap and wages are low, and competition with the white man must soon be very keen.

It cannot but be that such a nation—commercial, energetic, enterprising, confident, independent, and brave—if she continue to develop, will, in the centuries that may succeed, exercise a great influence on the East, and maybe on the West too; and, if under the influence of Christianity and actuated by a high moral tone, must have an elevating effect on the adjoining peoples, even apart from any direct evangelistic work that may be undertaken. And, over and above the priceless value of individual souls, these latent possibilities give importance to Christian work in Japan.

What are the chief religions of Japan?

Shintoism, Buddhism, and Confucianism are the three ancient cults of Japan; but Christianity must now be considered when we speak of the religions of to-day. The three ancient cults are 'bound to perish in the encounter with the younger and more energetic foe.'

Shintoism is nature and ancestral worship. The word itself means the 'doctrine of the gods.' Unlike the other religions, it is strictly and purely Japanese, though, indeed, some attempts have been made to connect it with the sun-worship on the continent of Asia. To-day you may still hear the clapping of hands as the worshipper bows his head and murmurs his prayers to the sun or moon; and, even where the old ideas have dropped out, you may see educated people lift their hats and bow the head as they pass a Shinto shrine. Japanese mythology practically begins with Izanagi and Izanami, the god and goddess who are said to have created the Japanese archipelago. From Izanagi were born the sun-goddess and the moon-god—the one from the right and the other from the left eye. The sun-goddess bestowed the sovereignty of Japan upon another god, who descended from Heaven to a mountain peak in Kyūshu. From this deity, in direct line, descended the first human emperor of Japan and ancestor of the present Imperial Family, the famous Jimmu Tennō.[1]

Shinto temples are generally situated in groves of trees. At the entrance is an 'archway, formed of two upright and two horizontal beams,' on which may be seen the thick straw rope and long slips of white paper so characteristic of Shintoism. In some cases these archways are greatly multiplied, and hundreds may be seen in front of one shrine. The

[1] *Things Japanese*, pp. 144–147.

temple itself is divided into two parts—an outer and an inner chamber. Except on rare occasions, no one is permitted to enter into the latter, in which the emblem of the god is kept. The mirror, sword, and stone are the emblems of deity. On certain occasions offerings of cereals, fruit, vegetables, and wine are made with great ceremony; the officiating priest receives the offerings at the entrance of the outer chamber, through which he then passes with much pomp and stateliness and deposits them in front of the inner chamber. During the ceremony a weird kind of music is played. The temple should be built of wood and 'thatched with bark.' The famous temples at Ise, I was told, were rebuilt every twenty years.

When I visited Fukuyama, in 1886, the town and surrounding country were in a state of religious ferment. There had been a revival of Shintoism, and its preachers were very active. Pretended miracles were noised abroad. Shintoism came into collision with Buddhism, and a great debate was arranged. Large numbers of people from the neighbouring villages assembled to hear the discussion, which lasted three days. Judgment was given against the Shintoists, who were, it was said, badly beaten. They, however, continued to be very active for some time after, until certain sums of money were received on the promise of a leader to raise to life one who had died, and failure compelled him to decamp. The woods and waterfalls, &c., have spirits. In climbing the precipitous side of a waterfall I was once in a position of some peril, and was rescued by the help of some native labourers. On descending, I was taken by the arm and pulled to the waterfall, and exhorted to pay my devotions and appease the spirit of the waterfall, which my temerity had angered.

Buddhism belongs rather to Ceylon than to Japan for particular treatment. It was introduced into Japan from

Japanese Shinto and Buddhist Priests.

Korea, and is the most formidable antagonist of Christianity. Native accounts say 'that a golden image of Buddha and some scrolls of the Scriptures were presented to the Mikado Kimmei by the king of Hakusai, one of the Korean states, in A.D. 552. The majority of his council . . . persuaded him to reject the image from his court. The golden Buddha was accordingly conferred upon one Soga-no-Iname, who turned his country house into the first Buddhist temple existing on the soil of Japan. A pestilence which shortly broke out was attributed . . . to this foreign innovation. The temple was razed to the ground; but such dire calamities followed on this act of sacrilege that it was . . . rebuilt. Buddhist monks and nuns then flocked over from Korea in ever-increasing numbers.'[1]

Confucianism too came from abroad, and belongs to China for fuller treatment. I have only once seen an image of Confucius in Japan; but it was greatly prized and venerated. Confucius does not undertake to explain or reveal heavenly mysteries, and the warmth of Divine Love is wanting in his system.

[1] *Things Japanese*, pp. 59, 60.

Will you tell us a little about your own work?

A large portion of my time in Japan was spent in the Osaka Divinity School, where I lectured for five years. The first two or three years of a missionary's career are necessarily spent in acquiring a working knowledge of the language. I had been in Japan nearly three years when I entered the college, and remained there until my first furlough was due, and took a humble part in the training of nearly fifty catechists.

On my return to Japan I was put in charge of the work in Tokushima and the province of Awa. Tokushima has a population of nearly 60,000, and Awa one of 800,000. The country is very mountainous ; but the plain and valleys are thickly populated. There are, however, no large towns except Tokushima itself: the plains are studded with villages and the homesteads of small farmers. The chief products are rice, indigo, silk, and salt. In the city we have a good church, built chiefly through the exertions of the Rev. W. P. Buncombe. In this we have our regular church services. There is a church-room attached in which we hold our prayer meetings and social gatherings. In connexion with the church there is a Dorcas club, a guild for men, a mutual benevolent society, and in the church-room we have a small library for catechists and inquirers. Beside the church there are two preaching-places in the city, in which evangelistic services and classes for women and children are held. The services are often not so quiet as they might be, and on several occasions we have had to stop preaching ; but there has been no such violent opposition as that which marked the work of former years. Besides the pastor, a catechist and Bible-woman are at work. There are also two lady missionaries—Misses Ritson and Huhold—with their teachers, who work both in town and country. A very important sphere of

work is that among the students of the normal and middle schools.

From the city three main roads branch out, and along all of these we have work. To the north there is a catechist living at Muya, and from here the smaller out-stations, Takashima, Do-no-ura, and Kitadomari, are visited. To the north-west we have two catechists—one at Kawashima and another at Wakimachi: these places again are centres from which smaller villages, which lie on either side of the river Yoshino, are visited. The work at Wakimachi is of long standing, but has not been very fruitful: that of Kawashima is more recent. To the south there is a catechist stationed at Tomioka, who has also charge of a small congregation at Honjo, and visits the outlying villages. In spring and autumn—the slack time of the farmers—bands of two or three workers are formed, and a special effort is made to reach those who are too busy the rest of the year to come to our meetings. This is distinctly a work of sowing, as it is impossible to cover such a large area all the year round with the small force at our disposal.

What other kinds of missionary work are done in Japan?

Schools and evangelistic work take a large slice out of missionary time, and almost every kind of effort may be put under one of these heads. Japan, however, offers to ladies special opportunities for work. Some of our lady missionaries have made great use of the magic lantern, and almost always have good audiences. School work is another very important branch. It is right that provision should be made for the education of Christian children, and the amount of good our schools do cannot be measured simply by the number of baptisms. Special Missions for Christians are sometimes held; and there are conventions for the deepening

of spiritual life of the clergy, catechists, and school teachers. Special public preachings also are planned, and special preachers invited for the occasion. Writing for magazines, publishing tracts, and translating books and commentaries are all useful and necessary methods of work.

What are the chief difficulties a missionary in Japan has to face?

Difficulties often depend upon local prejudice. The country stations are not so far advanced as the cities, and often we still find a deep-seated distrust of the aims of Christianity. It is a legacy handed down to us from the disturbances of former centuries, but is still active in many quarters. Those who know the charges cannot be true still retain the prejudice, and all their influence is thrown into the scale against Christianity. Not long ago one of our inquirers, who was very regular in attending the Sunday morning service, was not in his place, and we afterwards learned that his uncle and a Buddhist priest had come over forty miles to dissuade the boy from becoming a Christian. His relations felt it a disgrace, and the boy himself was afraid lest his family should share in his persecution. His fears, however, were groundless, and things have worked out most providentially. This is only one instance, and it might be multiplied, of the distrust that still lingers in many minds.

With the merchant class Sunday is a great obstacle. Although all the Government offices are closed on Sundays, all the shops are open, and merchants and shopkeepers, not liking to miss the chance of gain, keep their establishments open.

There can be no doubt that the introduction of agnostic books and the prevalence of sceptical ideas have deterred many from frankly embracing Christianity. And in the

Church itself Unitarianism and the Higher Criticism have monopolized a large amount of intellectual energy that might, had it been spent in seeking the lost, have borne better fruit. Since the war, and with increasing prosperity, there seems to be a danger of an increase in extravagance and luxurious living. Indifference and the difficulty of getting at the heart of the people are great obstacles. The latter is not so great with students as it is with the country people, who have not been touched with Western thought.

Have you met with any exciting adventures? Will you tell us about the most exciting one of all?

I have had several adventures more or less of an exciting nature; but, if the truth must be told, I am not of an excitable temperament, and excitement depends quite as much on the subject as on the object. I was in Osaka at the time of the great flood in 1885, when there was not one bridge left to span any of the rivers. I saw from our housetop three bridges, swept along by the mighty current, crash into a fourth with frightful groanings and smashing of timbers. I went about the streets in a canoe, but the only time I was permitted to enjoy the luxury of the sense of danger was when we removed Miss Boulton's school girls from the concession in a large flat-bottomed boat. The boat was so full and so overweighted that it looked as though we might at any moment have the whole school floundering in the water.

I was in Osaka at the time of the great earthquake in 1892, but after the big shock that pulled us out of bed was over it was rather difficult to keep up the excitement, though one felt it the proper thing to do. I remember, however, once falling in with a man of the most excitable disposition, and wishing he would be calmer. I was on my way home from itinerating on the West Coast, and had taken a seat in

Christian Workers. (Mr. Chapman is third from our right in the back row.)

a small river boat at Ochiai. There were only a few square yards of room, and seven or eight of us to cram in, so that there was no means of escaping disagreeable company. It was winter time, and over my ordinary clothes I had on a thick Japanese garment. My companions did me the honour of mistaking me for a Japanese until in conversation it transpired that I was from England. Just in front of me sat a mercurial little man, who had been all attention, and thereupon whispered to his neighbour that I was a fine spy. My dress, religion, and knowledge of Japanese were only means to spy out the land and to shake the loyalty of the people, and forthwith he began to abuse me most roundly.

I may safely say that I never had such a rating in all my life, and never deserved one less. The poor man trembled from head to foot with agitation and anger, and charged me and Englishmen in general with the basest of motives. Argument was of little use, and he would accept no explanation. We were seeking to gain Japan as we had gained India, and nothing would move him from this. In conversation it turned out that he was an ex-Buddhist priest who had taken to lecturing on politics. It is fair to say that all my fellow-passengers were from remote country places.

Have many people in Japan become Christians?

Yes. Many have embraced Christianity. I have not the exact figures by me, but think the number is about 100,000; when we compare this figure, however, with that of the total population, 40,000,000, it seems very small, and shows that much remains to be done. A few years ago there was a general set towards Christianity, but this received a check, and a time of trial and sifting succeeded. Of late, converts have not been so numerous.

Can you tell us of any individual cases?

Most conversions are very gradual; but there was one conspicuous exception on the West Coast. We were advertised to preach in the village two nights. Mr. K- —— came and was greatly impressed by the sermons of the first night, and sent a friend to ask us to visit him the following morning, which, of course, we did. He was ready to receive us, and had hung up a long slip of paper in the *toko*—a kind of recess used chiefly for floral decorations and kakemono—on which was written, 'I know that a God exists, but am ignorant of His Way.'[1] The answer to his difficulty was the Saviour's own words, 'I am the Way.' This led to a conversation on the Incarnation and the work of our Lord. The two sermons

[1] Doctrine.

that night were on 'Prayer' and the words 'I am the Way, the Truth, and the Life.' News came to us early the next morning that Mr. K—— had thrown away his *sake* and burnt his idols. He was afterwards baptized and became a catechist.

As a contrast to the above case I might mention the conversion of a young man which was very gradual. Christianity had been in the family before. His grandfather had been 'ducked' in the river because of it; but his father was not a believer, and his elder brother, though baptized, had been much shaken in his faith by doubts and difficulties. When Mr. F—— came to me first we had to begin to 'pick out the stones' before sowing the seed. A small difficulty often shuts out a lot of truth, but gradually his difficulties lost their power, and the sweet reasonableness of Christianity took hold of him. He read largely. He read most of the books of a small library we have for inquirers, and in due time turned his attention to the Scriptures. The truth seemed to take hold of him in a remarkably forcible way: he used to lie awake in the night thinking of it; it filled his thoughts at every spare moment, and sometimes I feared that he might be too much affected. I had the pleasure of baptizing both him and one of his companions whom he had led to Christ, and also of seeing two more ask for baptism through his instrumentality.

Is there anything else you would like to say before you leave the witness box?

As I have made no requests yet, I should like to end by making one. On Saturday nights, when England is thinking of prayer and sleep, Christian Japan is waking up for its Sunday services. My request is that the readers of the 'Witness Box' should remember in their evening prayers the missionaries and Christian people of Japan, and pray that both their number and their faith may be increased.

Pictures from N.-W. Canada ; with 'Witness'—Ven. Archdn. Phair.